

AUGUST

No. 4

10¢

CRACK COMICS



STARRING—
The
BLACK CONDOR
The Man Who Can Fly



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

UNCLE SAM



ONE THOUSAND SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR STALWART MEN
IN THE FASTEST ACTION PLOT IN
UNCLE SAM'S CAREER!



WATCH FOR THIS COVER

NATIONAL COMICS



PEN MILLER
SMASHES A VICIOUS
MURDER RING!

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WONDER BOY
RESCUES AN EXPLORER
IN THE HEART OF A SOUTH
AMERICAN JUNGLE!



KID DIXON LANDS IN NEW YORK AND
PUNCHES HIS WAY TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

SALLY O'NEIL
MERLIN THE MAGICIAN
CYCLONE
KID PATROL
PROP POWERS
PAUL BUNYAN

THE BLACK CONDOR

BY
Kenneth
Lewis

ONTO A STRANGE BARREN LAND,
WHERE THE HEAVY MANTLE OF
DESPAIR HAS FALLEN ON A
WRETCHED PEOPLE, WANDERS
AN AGED TRAVELER.

BROTHERS, WHAT
SCOURGE IS UPON YOUR
LAND THAT TREES NO
LONGER BEAR LEAVES
AND THE GROUND LIES
PARCHED AND
FALLOW?



STRANGE...THEY RAN
FROM ME IN TERROR...
I'LL ASK THESE
CHILDREN, THEY
MAY NOT BE
SO BROKEN.

IT COMES FROM THE
TOP OF MOUNT DOOM
AND BURNS THE
FIELDS!

BUT
WHAT
IS IT?

WE
DON'T
KNOW

THE OLD MAN
FINDS LODGING
FOR THE NIGHT.

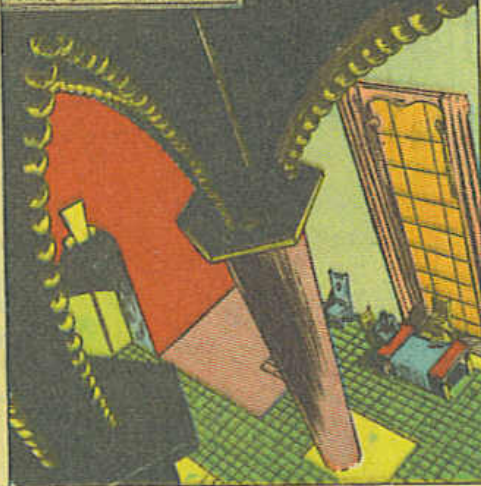
BUT LATER, A WIG, A BEARD,
AND A STAFF ARE LEFT BEHIND
WHILE THE BLACK CONDOR
SOARS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT...



ABOVE THE DARKENED VILLAGE LOOMS THE FOREBODING CRAG CALLED MOUNT DOOM.



IN A PALATIAL BUILDING AT THE SUMMIT, THE EVIL SIHN FANG LAYS HIS PLAN FOR A REIGN OF TERROR.



YES, DE GRAF, YOUR INVENTIVE GENIUS WILL BE REWARDED. ALREADY THE WEAKLINGS OF THIS VALLEY GROAN BENEATH MY HEEL. SOON THE WORLD...



OUR FORTRESS IS ABSOLUTELY UNCONQUERABLE! IT CAN ONLY BE REACHED THROUGH THE SHAFT WHICH IS HEAVILY GUARDED!



BUT FOR THE BLACK CONDOR, NO HEIGHT IS UNSURMOUNTABLE.



HE SWOOPS DOWN ON THE FANTASTIC DOMAIN OF SIHN FANG.



AND DROPS LIKE A FALLING SPEAR UPON A GUARD.



WITH A SMASHING BLOW, HE FELS THE STARTLED FELLOW.



WHAT'S THAT? MARCHING FEET!



A TROOP OF SIHN FANG'S PRIVATE GUARD STREAMS DOWN THE PARAPET.



AND WHEN THEY PASS, ANOTHER IS ADDED TO THEIR NUMBER.



NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!

AS THE PROCESSION TURNS A SHARP CORNER, THE BLACK CONDOR DROPS BACK AND SLIPS INTO A DOORWAY...



HE ENTERS A VAST LABORATORY. HUGE DYNAMOS ROAR AND HISS LIKE ANGRY DEMONS...

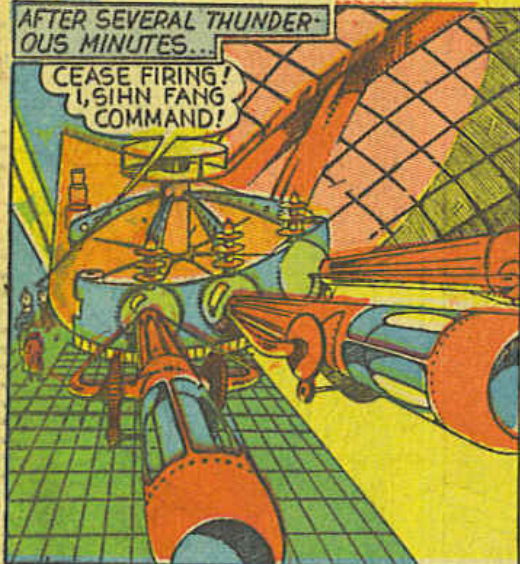


SUDDENLY A LOW, SOFT VOICE COMMANDS THE BLACK CONDOR.



AFTER SEVERAL THUNDER-
OUS MINUTES...

CEASE FIRING!
I, SIHN FANG
COMMAND!



I TRUST HE DIDN'T
ESCAPE. WE CAN
PERMIT NO
INTERFERENCE
WITH OUR
PLAN OF
DEFENSE!

HAVE
NO FEAR.
NO MAN
COULD
SURVIVE
SUCH A
BARRAGE.
HE IS DEAD,
MY FRIEND.



WHEN DAY BREAKS, THERE
IS NO SIGN OF THE BLACK
CONDOR ON THE RUGGED
CLIFFS OF
MOUNT
DOOM.



WHILE IN THE MEETING HALL
OF THE TERRORIZED VALLEY
PEOPLE, THERE IS A SPIRITED
DISCUSSION.

IT IS USELESS
TO OPPOSE
SIHN FANG.
WE MUST SUB-
MIT TO HIS
OPPRESSION!



BUT SUDDENLY
THE GAUNT
FIGURE OF
THE AGED
WANDERER
APPEARS.



NO, GOOD BRETHREN!
NEVER BOW TO THE TYRANT!
THERE IS A WAY TO
BREAK HIM! FIGHT FOR
YOUR LIBERTY!



BUT WE
HAVE NO
ARMS...
NOTHING!

WE ARE
STARVING

YOU
ARE A
STRANGER
HERE... A
FALSE
PROPHET!

NO NO!



SILENTLY, A SPY CREEPS UP
BEHIND THE AGED SPEAKER.



BUT WITH UNCANNY SPEED,
THE OLD MAN TURNS,
AND

NOT YET! I
HAVEN'T
FINISHED
HERE!

THE
SPY'S GUN
MELTS.





HE'LL BRING THE WRATH OF FANG UPON US!

CATCH HIM!



HURRY! GET HIM!

HE'S GONE!

NOW FOR THEIR LEADER!



SO YOU TOO, THE LIBERTY TO SHOOT THE OLD MAN.. NOT VERY WISE!

BUT SIHN, WHAT WILL YOU DO?



SIHN'S ANSWER IS A FATAL SHOT FROM BEHIND...



THAT NIGHT, DARK FIGURES MOVE STEALTHILY TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE.



THE MAYOR AND HIS SON.. WE'LL TAKE THEM BOTH!



A STRUGGLE IS QUICKLY SUBDUED...



MINUTES LATER, THEIR LIMP BODIES ARE CARRIED TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN...



SUDDENLY THE SLEEPING TOWN IS WAKENED BY THE STARTLING NEWS...

MAYOR AND SON STOLEN FROM THEIR BEDS!



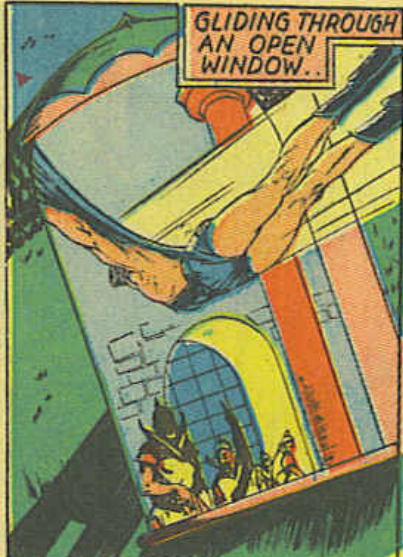
SOON, FROM THE VILLAGE SWEEPS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF A MAN IN FLIGHT...

ON TO MOUNT DOOM HE SOARS.

SIHN FANG DOES NOT EXPECT THIS VISITOR.



GLIDING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



HE SKIMS OVER THE GUARDS. HIS LASHING FISTS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEM.



BONES CRUNCH AS THE CONDOR SMASHES HIS FISTS THROUGH ARMOR...



THE CONDOR HURLS BLOWS FROM EVERY DIRECTION...



VASSALS OF A RUTHLESS DESPOT! THIS SHOULD WAKE YOU FROM YOUR STUPIDITY!

FROM THE FAR END OF THE HALL A GUN IS AIMED AT THE FLYING FIGURE, BUT...



LOW BRIDGE!



AND THAT BREAKS THESE PUPPETS' STRINGS!



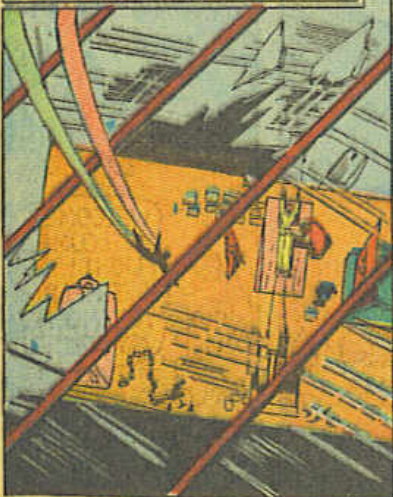
A DOUBLE LOCK, JUST TO MAKE SURE NO ONE GOES IN TO WAKE THEM UP!



MEANWHILE, IN A DIMLY LIT CHAMBER FILLED WITH DIABOLICAL INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, FLYING FURY ENTERS THE ROOM...



AND CRASHES WITH GREAT FORCE UPON THE GRIM TORTURERS...



HE KNOCKS DE GRAF AGAINST THE STOCKS...



THE MAYOR'S FINGERS CURL AROUND HIS THROAT IN A DEATH-LIKE GRASP.



BUT SIHN FANG ESCAPES.



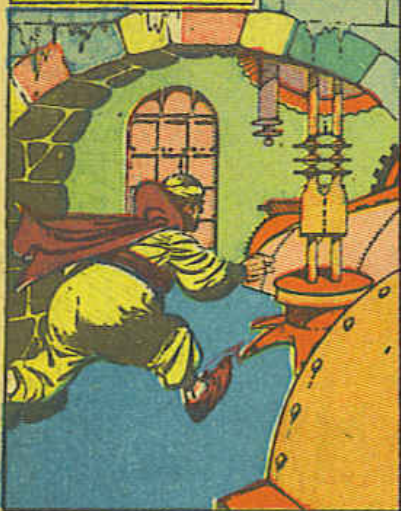
AND HASTILY JAMMING THE HEAVY DOOR, LOCKS AND BOLTS IT.



BUT HE HAS FORGOTTEN HIS DAUGHTER.



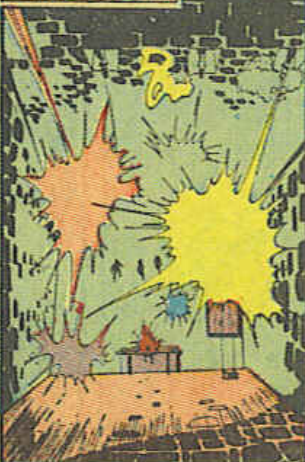
IN A BLIND RAGE, SIHN DASHES TO THE ARSENAL...



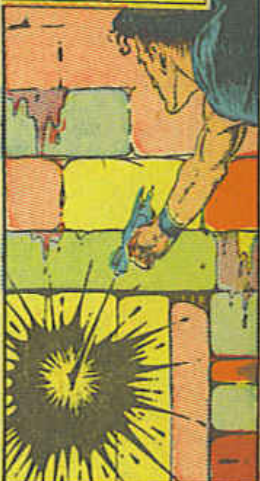
NOW THEY'RE TRAPPED! THEY'LL ALL DIE!



IN THE TORTURE ROOM, THE DEATH RAYS CRISS-CROSS IN A RAIN OF FATAL FIRE...



SWIFTLY, THE CONDOR WHIPS OUT HIS BLACK RAY GUN



LEAVING THE MAYOR SEARED TO DEATH, HE CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL TO SAFETY...



I'M AFRAID FANG'S DAUGHTER IS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED.

WELL, HER FATHER SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!



CRASHING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE ARSENAL...



HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH SIHN'S LIGHTNING RAY.



WELCOME! WELCOME! FLIGHT WILL NOT HELP YOU NOW, MY FRIEND!

BUT SIHN FANG DOES NOT SEE HIS WOUNDED DAUGHTER DRAG PAINFULLY ACROSS THE FLOOR, UNTIL...



DON'T PULL THAT SWITCH! YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO BITS!



YOU SHALL ALL DIE WITH ME!

SHE PULLED IT! THERE ARE ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO ESCAPE!





IN ANOTHER MOMENT, A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SPELLS THE END OF FANG'S REIGN ON MOUNT DOOM...



THE NEXT DAY, JOYFUL CITIZENS GATHER IN THE SQUARE TO ELECT THE MAYOR'S SON TO FILL HIS LATE FATHER'S POST.



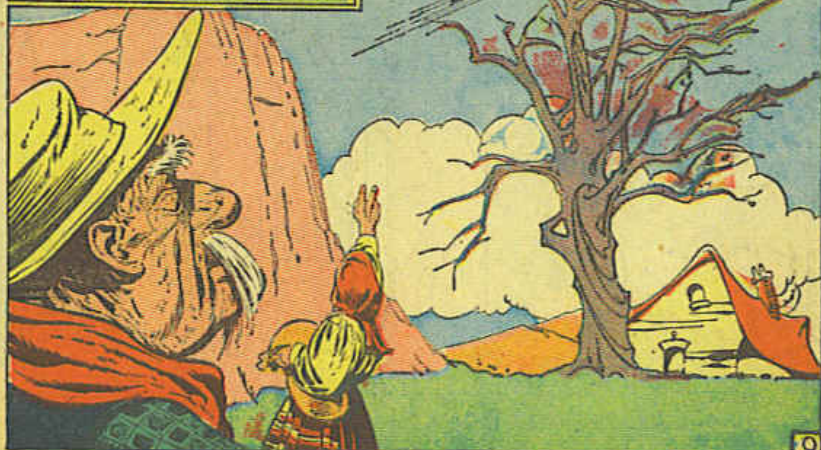
AND A LONE TRAVELER DEPARTS FROM A VALLEY FREED FROM THE DESPOT'S CLUTCH...



THE WANDERER, SEEING A GAWKY SCARECROW DIVESTS HIMSELF OF HIS ROBE...



AND WIDE-EYED VILLAGERS STARE IN AMAZEMENT AT A STRANGE FIGURE SOARING ABOVE THE CLOUDS...



MOLLY the MODEL



MOLLY THE MODEL

DILLMAN'S GYM

GEE, GIRLS—I'LL HAVE T'GET SOMEBODY T'SHOW YOU AROUND THE GYM—NIFTY MY MANAGER, WANTS ME T'GO OVER THIS OFFICE RIGHT AWAY—

DILLMAN'S GYM

THIS IS LEO—HE KNOWS ALL TH' FIGHTERS WHO COME IN T'TRAIN HERE—HE'LL POINT 'EM OUT TO YOU!

OKAY, DANNY—WE'LL SEE YOU LATER!

HOW WOULD YOUSE GALS LIKE T'TRY PUNCHIN' TH' BAG AN' STUFF LIKE THAT?

OH, WE'D JUST LOVE TO—WOULDN'T WE, BETTY?

AND YOU SAY YOU CAN GIVE US A COUPLE OF NEW GYM SUITS, LEO?

SURE—AN' A PRIVATE WORKOUT ROOM ALL FOR Y'SELVES!

OH BOY, BETTY—THIS'LL DO WONDERS FOR THE FIGURE!

YOU SAID IT, MOLLY!

HUH? WOTS DIS? TH' BOSS SAID F'US T'USE DIS ROOM, DIDN'T HE?

YEAH—BUT HE BETTER TRY TH' HAIN GYM, BUTCH!

DANNY, I'VE PICKED UP TWO TOUGH MUGS FOR OUR STABLE, AN' JAVE MICHAELS TH' BIG PROMOTER IS GOIN' DOWN TO THE GYM TO LOOK 'EM OVER RIGHT NOW!

NIFTY SEE THESE BIRDS ARE SO TOUGH THEY BITE UP BRICKS LIKE BIRDSEED!

WOT IN BLAZES?

SO, NIFTY—JOKES, EH? CHORUS GIRLS YOU SHOW LIKE MICHAELS—LISSEN, DOPE, I'M GONNA BOP YOU ON THE BEAK—I PROMOTE FIGHTS—NOT FLOOR SHOWS!

WE HAD A SWELL TIME, DANNY!

BUT THE REINIEST PEOPLE KEPT PEEKING IN AT US!

--- GET OUTA HERE, YOU FANSY PALOOKAS! BEFORE I BRAN YEEZ WITH A BUTTERCUP!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Hi, Ned

YOU CAN'T READ YOUR WAY INTO A JOB, BUD - COME ON - LET'S GO!

NEVER CAN TELL - SEE THIS ARTICLE ABOUT THAT NORTH WOODS RESORT?

WHAT COULD WE DO AT A PLACE LIKE THAT?

IT'S SOME PLACE, ALL EASY - CLEAR ON THE EDGE OF CIVILIZATION -

LET ME READ YOU THIS AD

"WANTED - EXPERIENCED GUIDES, \$10 PER DAY -"

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AN EXPERIENCED GUIDE, BUD

I COULDN'T GUIDE MY FOOT INTO A RIDING BOOT - BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT

WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT

WHY NOT? IT SAYS SOME WEALTHY MAN HAS TAKEN THIS PLACE OVER

I SEE - YOU MEAN HE WOULDN'T KNOW A GUIDE FROM A LOAD OF ROTATORS

YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SHOW SOME SIGNS OF INTELLIGENCE - A STRANGE SIGN FOR YOU, BY THE WAY

PRETTY RISKY, BUD

TELEGRAM FOR BUD SHENKELS!

WHERE YOU MEAN? THE BICYCLE MUST HAVE RIDDEN YOU OVER HERE

SEND THE ANSWER - ACCEPT OFFER - WE LEAVE AT ONCE

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BUD? AND WHO DO YOU MEAN BY WE?

IT MEANS I ANSWERED THAT AD YESTERDAY BY TELEGRAM!

WE'LL PROBABLY GET LOST DOWN HERE, BUT IN WITH 'EM - SEE!

COME ON - WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THE WELL DRESSED GUIDE IS WEARING!

SUREFOOT SHENKELS AND BACKWOODS BRANT - THAT'S US!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

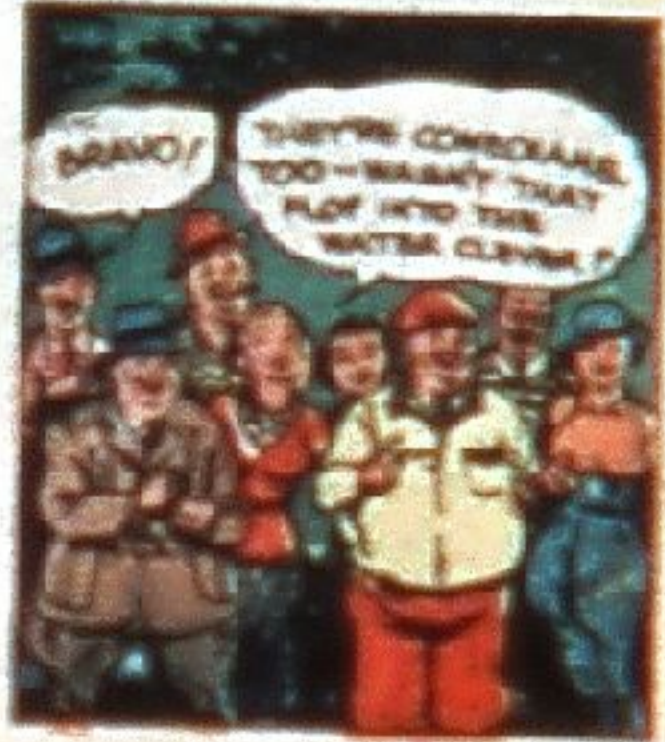
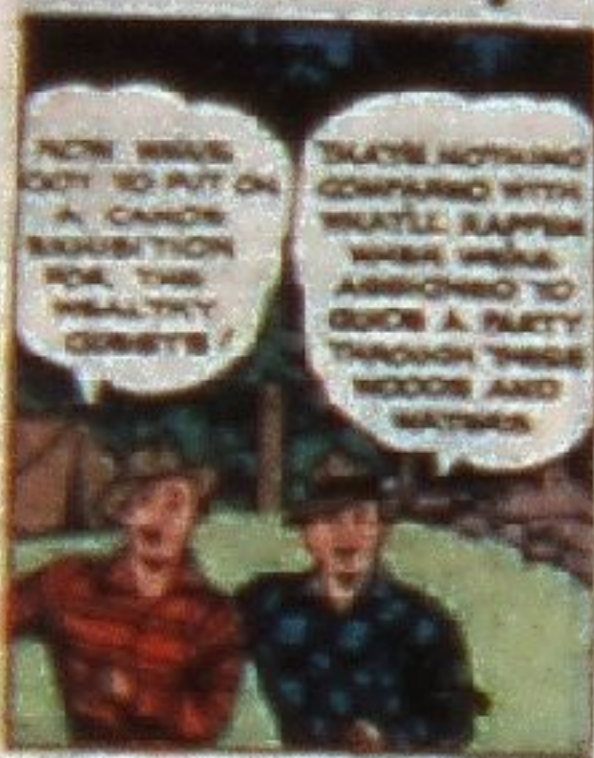
TWO MAINT AND TWO BUNKERS ARE ON THE SPOT AS SUPERVISORS ON IN A RICH MAN'S RESORT - CAN THEY PUT IT ONA?

GREAT STUFF YOU TELLING THE LOON HOPE WE ALWAYS SLEEP ON THE GROUND, NED!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM THINK WE REALLY ARE MEN OF THE WOODS, NED!

AFTER ALL, YOU GOT US INTO THIS

WELL, TEN MORE A DAY FOR SUPERVISING COONS IN HIGH CLAM CASH



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



NED BRANT

by BOB LUFFE

WHERE CAN I FIND THOSE QUONS?

YOU MEAN SQUIRRELS AND JACKRABBIT BLANTS?

THAT MEANS US!

AND ANY AMBUSHMENT MAY BE OUR LAST MEET!

THIS GUY MAY BE THE ONE TO DISCOVER WHERE NOT SMALL QUONS

SO WE WANT TO HUNT DEER, SA-FROM DO DEER, SPEND SUNDAY, ANYWAY?

SOME OF THESE QUONS COULDN'T TRACK AN ELEPHANT THROUGH SHORT PAST OF SNOW!

YOU'RE FORTUNATE IN HAVING US AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR.

HERE'S THE TRAIL, MAN—NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT!

CAN TELL BY THAT TRACK THIS DEER IS THREE YEARS OLD AND LIVES THERE.

BRACKING!

IN SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MORE QUIET!

TRAIL, A DEER CAN HEAR AN ANT HILL OVER A TWO!

POST! THERE YOU ARE, SIR—TAKE A SHOT!

I DON'T SEE ANY DEER!

THE ORKLEMAN SAYS HE CAN'T SEE THE DEER, BOO!

SET, IF I HAD A ROCK, I COULD HIT IT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

SAY, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE!

I KNOW IT—BUT DOES HE PLAN TO SHOOT IT OR CATCH IT?

IT'S GOT SHAL NED!

WHY DOESN'T HE SHOOT IT OR CATCH IT?

WHY, IT'S THE WALTZING BEAR FROM THE LOON! WHY HAVE FOLLOWED US HERE!

WHY I CUT IN?

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED



WELL, I'LL
GETCHA
UP IF HIS
APPETITE
HOLDS OUT
A LITTLE
WHILE
LONGER!



WELL, I'LL
GETCHA
UP IF HIS
APPETITE
HOLDS OUT
A LITTLE
WHILE
LONGER!

WELL, I'LL
GETCHA
UP IF HIS
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A LITTLE
WHILE
LONGER!



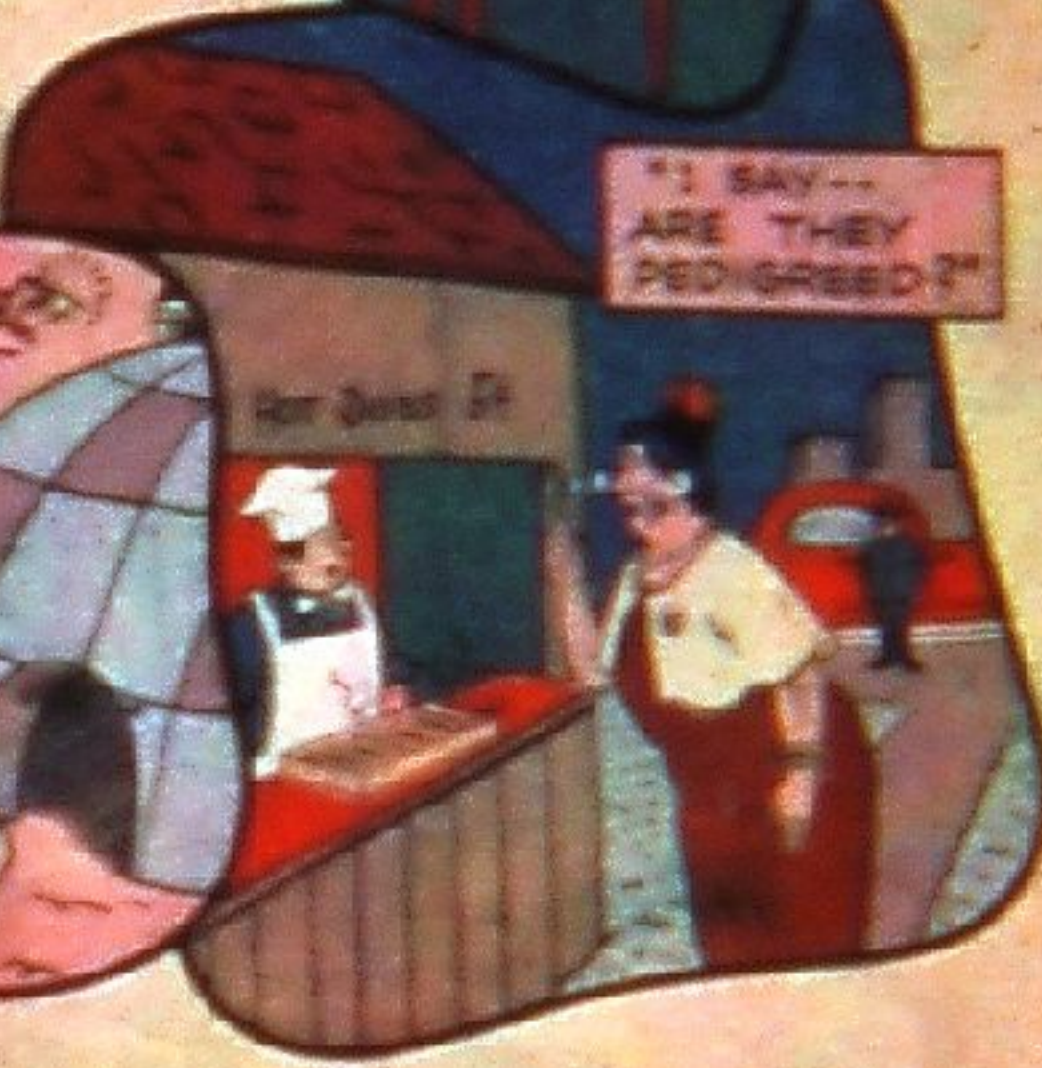
"COME COME,
PORTER—
MY TRUNK!"



BABY
HADO
NO NOISE



"DARN!
ANOTHER
ONE OF
THOSE
SITE—
AND
RUN
DRIVERS."



"I SAY—
ARE THEY
PEDIGREED?"

ROCK BRADDON

of the

SPACE LEGION

by VERN

FOR YEARS THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH HAVE BEEN AT PEACE, WORKING TOGETHER TO SPREAD WORLD CULTURE THROUGH THE VAST REGIONS OF OUTER SPACE...

THEN ONE DAY, IN VIOLATION OF THE WORLD NON-WAR TREATY, A MADMAN RELEASES HIS BLACK SQUADRONS OF DEATH OVER EUROPE AND ASIA!



ENTIRE CITIES ARE BLOWN INTO OBLIVION...

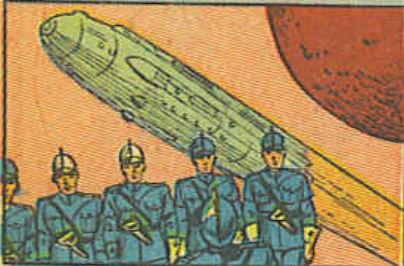


THE COUNCIL OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE QUICKLY MEETS

THERE IS ONLY ONE FORCE WHICH CAN SAVE US FROM THIS RUTHLESS ATTACK... **THE SPACE LEGION!!**



...AND FROM THE FAR-FLUNG CORNERS OF THE WORLD THE FAMOUS SPACE LEGION IS PRESSED INTO SERVICE...



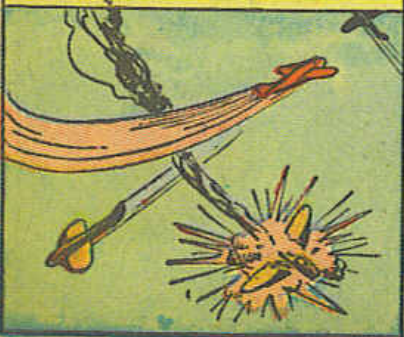
CAPTAIN ROCK BRADDON IN A LEGION STRATA-FIGHTER, FLIES A LONE PATROL...



BLACK SHIPS AHEAD! ENEMY SCOUTS!! I MUST CONTACT HEADQUARTERS!



..AND SOON, LIKE A THUNDER-BOLT, ROCK STRIKES !!

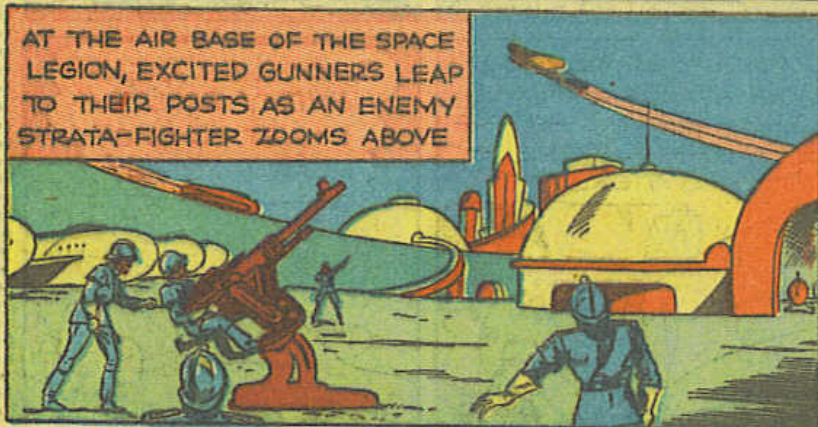


WHAM! I'VE GOT TWO NOW...AND THAT THIRD IS TRYING TO GET AWAY!



WITH SKILLFUL MANEUVERING BRADDON FORCES THE LAST SHIP DOWN..AND HURRIES TO TAKE THE PILOT PRISONER





THE GRILLED FLIER BABBLER'S
HIS IDENTITY...

...A-AND I AM
NUMBER 27 OF
THE EURASIAN
STRATA
SCOUTS!

FINE!
THAT'S
ALL WE
NEED
TO KNOW!



I'LL FLY EAST— IN
THE GENERAL DIRECTION
OF EURASIA!



WHILE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS
OF VRAK THE INVINCIBLE...

SANDRA, OUR SCOUT
PLANES WILL SOON
RETURN... THEN WE
CAN STRIKE!



ACCORDING TO YOUR
REPORT, CAPTAIN, THE
COASTAL CITIES ARE THE
MOST DANGEROUS— THIS
WILL BE OUR MAIN
LINE OF ATTACK!



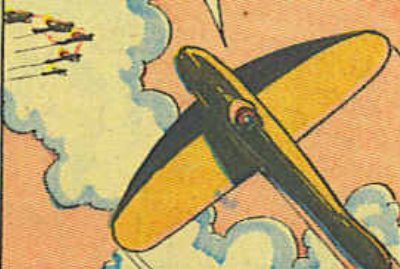
LATER....

B-BUT, ROCK— FOR YOU TO
TAKE THAT ENEMY PILOT'S
PLACE AND FLY IN THEIR
MIDST, IS TOO
DANGEROUS!



IT'S THE ONLY
WAY TO STOP
THIS INVASION...
WE MUST GET
INFORMATION!

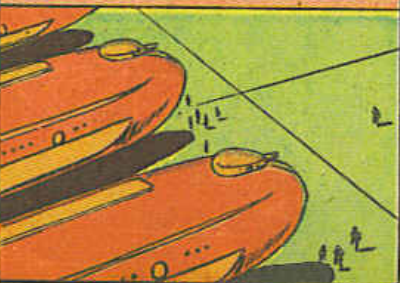
WHAT?? A BLACK
SCOUTING FORCE AHEAD...
THAT'S A BREAK!



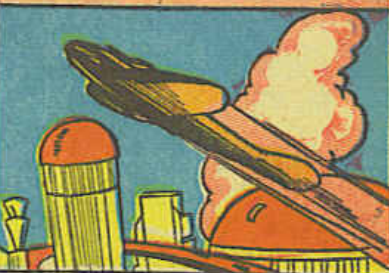
YES, VRAK! A LIGHTNING
THRUST AND WE CRUSH
THE WESTERN PEOPLE...
THEN WE WILL BE THE
EARTH'S SUPREME
MASTERS!



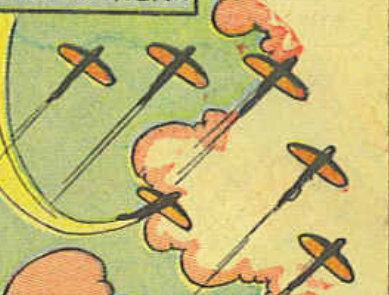
MEANWHILE, ROCK HAS
ARRIVED AT THE ENEMY'S
CAMP... HE SEES AN ARMY
READY FOR BATTLE....



A FEW HOURS LATER, ROCK
BRADDON, IN THE UNIFORM OF
THE EURASIAN FLYER, TAKES
OFF IN THE CAPTURED PLANE



PULLING ALONGSIDE, ROCK
BOLDLY JOINS THE ENEMY
FORMATION...



CAPTAIN LORN OF THE
SCOUT DIVISION NOW
REPORTING, YOUR
EXCELLENCY...

COME—
STEP OVER
TO THE
MAP....



GREAT STARS! THE WEST-
ERN HEMISPHERE CAN
NEVER WITHSTAND THAT
ARMY!! IT MUST BE
DESTROYED BEFORE IT
CAN ATTACK!!





AS THE EURASIAN LEADER BACKS FROM ROCK'S GUN...
YOU'RE DONE, VRAK!! I'M RUNNING THIS FLAGSHIP NOW! HAVE THE OPERATOR CONTACT THE SPACE LEGION...ON WAVE LENGTH X-2D!



ACROSS THE SECRET WAVE LENGTH, ROCK FLASHES HIS ORDERS TO THE PATROL....

TAKE BATTLE POSITION 12... I'M LEADING THE ENEMY TO YOU!!



BRADDON NEVER FAILS US!

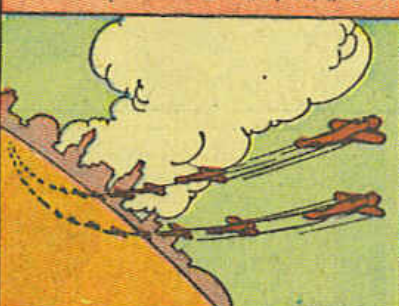
BUT-IF HE'S IN ONE OF THEIR SHIPS, HE'LL BE KILLED TOO!



THERE IS NO PLACE FOR SENTIMENT IN THE LEGION.. HE KNOWS HE IS SIGNING HIS OWN DEATH WARRANT WITH THE ENEMY!



THE VETERAN WARRIORS OF THE SPACE LEGION, READY FOR ACTION, SURGE SKYWARD...



BACK ABOARD VRAK'S SHIP...

KEEP BACK, SANDRA— THAT FOOL WILL KILL US ALL!

VRAK— IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU'LL SEE YOUR EVIL EMPIRE PLAN WRECKED!



..AND JUST THEN, THE HEAVENS RESOUND WITH SPLITTING FIRE AND LIGHT UP INTO A GREAT, WHITE INFERNO AS THE SPACE LEGION ATTACKS THE EURASIANS!



..AS THE BATTLE TURNS AGAINST HIS FORCE, VRAK MAKES A DESPERATE BREAK FOR FREEDOM....



THINKING ROCK MIGHT HOLD HIS FIRE, THE COWARDLY LEADER PUSHES SANDRA AHEAD OF HIM, TOWARD THE BIG RAY GUN....



DON'T VRAK— DON'T !!

UGH!! I HATE TO DO THIS— BUT IT'S HE OR ME!!



ROCK'S RAY FIRE BLASTS THE SHIP APART!

FROM THE BOMBER'S AWFUL WRECKAGE, BRADDON WEAKLY STAGGERS TO HIS FEET....



BRADDON— A MORE HEROIC FEAT I NEVER SAW!

I--I ONLY DID MY JOB, SIR! AND I HOPE I CAN DO THE NEXT ONE AS WELL!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
STREET POLISHING DEPT.

IS A BROOM TOO ROUGH
FOR STREETS OR
SHOULD CHAMOIS BE
USED?

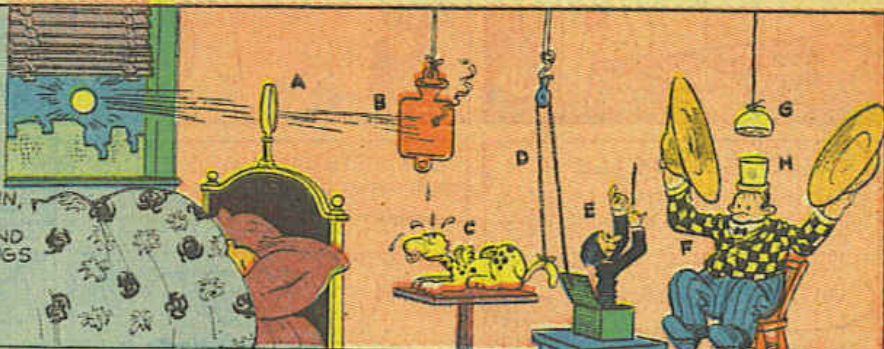
IS A STREET CLEANER
A COP WITHOUT A
COLLEGE EDUCATION?



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

OR AN EASY WAY TO MAKE
ORANGE JUICE IN BED...

SUN RAYS SHINING THROUGH
MAGNIFYING GLASS "A" BURN
HOLE IN HOT WATER BAG "B".
DRIPPING WATER GIVES
ALBANIAN IFNIF "C" A HEAD-
ACHE. HE GOES TO GET ASPIRIN,
CAUSING STRING "D" TO RE-
LEASE JUMPING-JACK BAND
LEADER "E"...STOOGES "F" BRINGS
CYMBALS TOGETHER,
SQUEEZING JUICE FROM
ORANGE INTO GLASS "H"...



Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

THE RED

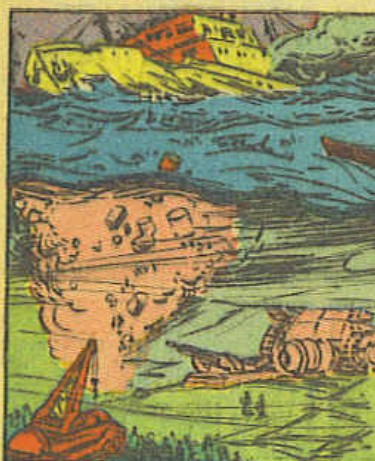
BY ROY LARKEN

TORPEDO



THE RED TORPEDO, TERROR OF ALL EVIL DOERS OF THE SEA, IS SO NAMED BECAUSE HE USES HIS AMAZING ONE-MAN TORPEDO IN COMBATING LAWLESSNESS OF THE DEEP..

TO RUTHLESS, FOREIGN, AUTOCRATIC POWER HAS BUILT A SUBMARINE BASE RIGHT UNDER NEW YORK HARBOR. FROM HERE, U-BOATS ARE SENT TO CRIPPLE AMERICAN SHIPS HEADED FOR NEUTRAL PORTS.



IN THIS BASE ARE STORED SALVAGED CARGOES, AWAITING SHIPMENT TO THE IMPOVERISHED AUTOCRACY.

10,000 BARRELS OF OIL... A GOOD HAUL! OUR LEADER WILL BE HAPPY!!



WHILE IN WASHINGTON.

BUT NO SUB HAS A CRUISING RADIUS OF 3000 MILES! THEY MUST HAVE A SECRET BASE HERE!



EVERY SPOT HAS BEEN COVERED! THERE IS NO SUCH BASE.

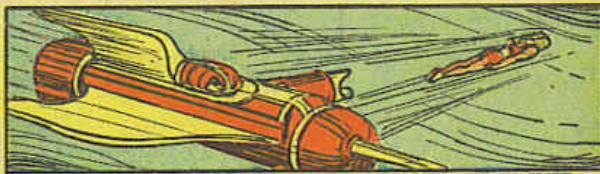


AT THE BASE, BARON KRIEG RECEIVES A RADIO MESSAGE FROM HOME. . .

THE SS THEIS IS ARRIVING WITH GOLD AND REFUGEES..WE MUST GET THE GOLD!



IN HIS REMOTE WORKSHOP, THE RED TORPEDO AND HIS ASSISTANT PEGGY NORSE, DECIDE TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS MYSTERIOUS CASE...



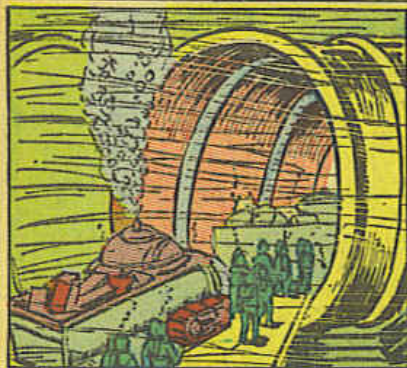
AFTER SUBDUING THE ENEMY, THE RED TORPEDO FINALLY STUNS THE LAST DIVER.



AND DONS HIS OPPONENT'S SUIT...



THUS DISGUISED, THE RED TORPEDO ENTERS THE SECRET SUBMARINE BASE.

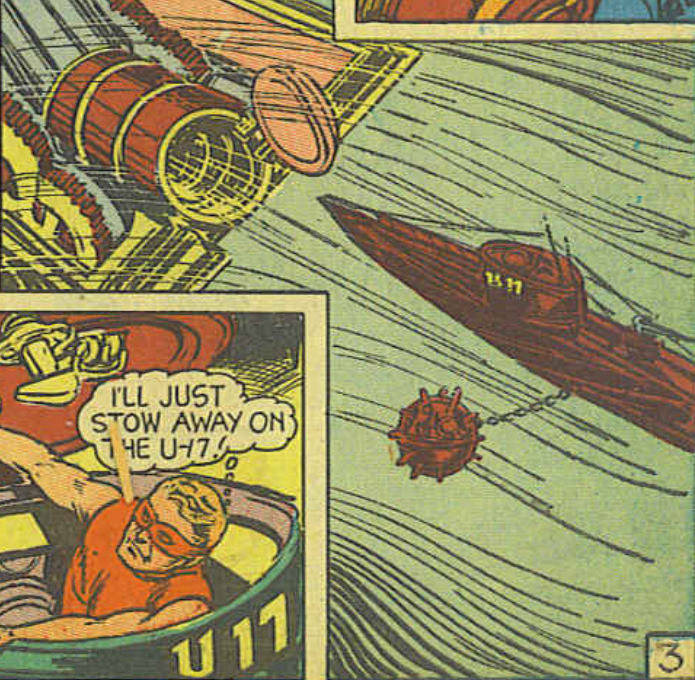


MEANWHILE, THE THEIS DOCKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

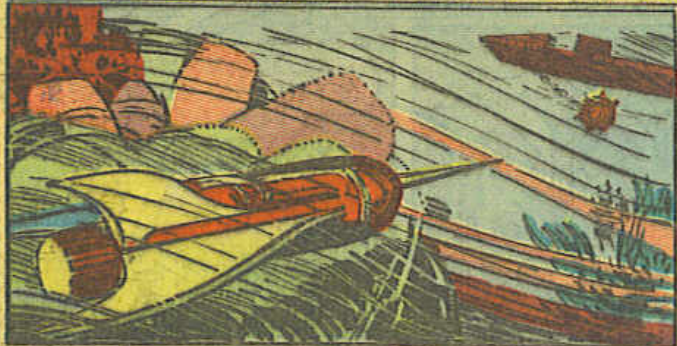


DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, THE RED TORPEDO
HEARS THE OMINOUS PLAN TO SINK THE
GREAT LINER...

THE U-17, TRAILING A MINE,
LEAVES THE BASE.



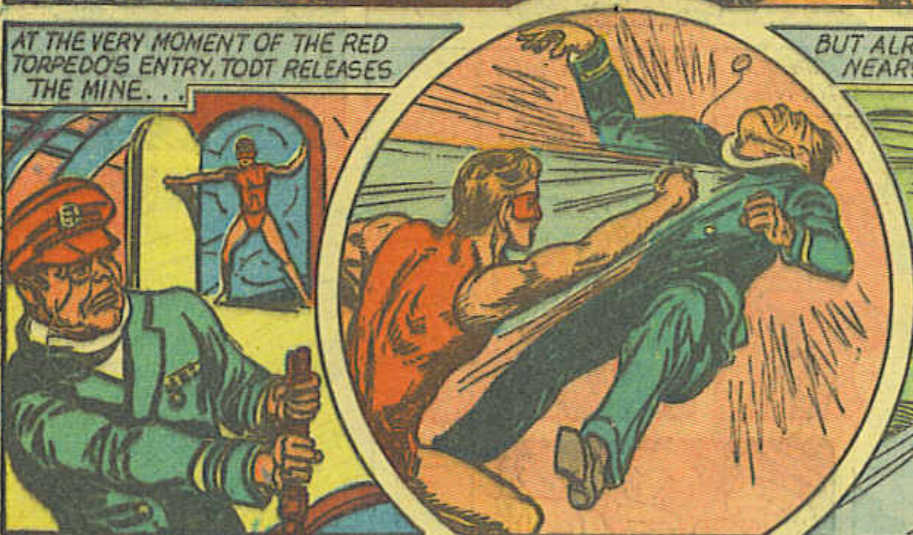
BUT PEG, CRUISING IN THE RED TORPEDO'S CRAFT, SIGHTS THE MINE-LAYING BABY SUB.



SUDDENLY INSIDE THE U-BOAT, THE RED TORPEDO APPEARS...



AT THE VERY MOMENT OF THE RED TORPEDO'S ENTRY, TODD RELEASES THE MINE...



BUT ALREADY THE DEADLY MINE NEARS THE KEEL OF THE SHIP.



PEG SEES THE MINE AND CHARGES.

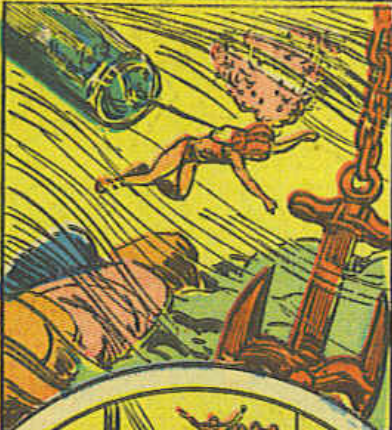


THANK GOODNESS! THIS CRAFT IS CONCUSSION-PROOF!

WITH GREAT SPEED, THE RED TORPEDO TIES UP THE CREW.



AND PUTTING THEM INTO A TUBE, TOWS THEM TO THE THEIS' ANCHOR.



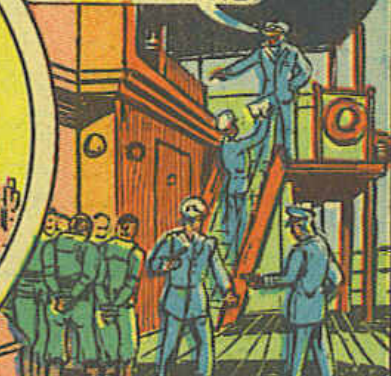
HE FASTENS THE TUBE WITH A NOTE ATTACHED TO THE ANCHOR.



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE THEIS.



[TAKE THOSE MEN TO THE BRIG! GIVE ME THAT NOTE!]



THE RED TORPEDO RETURNS SAFELY TO HIS CRAFT. . .



THIS NOTE EXPLAINS ALL. THANKS TO THE RED TORPEDO, THE HARBOR WILL BE CLEARED.



THE RED TORPEDO IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.



LATER AT NAVAL HEADQUARTERS.



LEE PRESTON

OF THE RED CROSS-

by Terrence
MACAULEY

COMPLETING HER ASSIGNMENT IN CHINA, LEE PRESTON, YOUNG AVIATRIX, RETURNS TO THE UNITED STATES. . . .



OVER A PEACEFUL OCEAN, THE S.S. ORIENT QUEEN STEAMS TWO DAYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO. . .



ON A DECK, LEE NOTICES A SUDDEN BURST OF ACTIVITY.



OH! YOU STARTLED ME. DO YOU KNOW WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENTS ABOUT?

THE MAIL PLANE PILOT JUST BROKE HIS LEG - VERY UNFORTUNATE!



YOU ARE AN AVIATRIX, ARE YOU NOT, MISS PRESTON?

YES, WHY DO YOU ASK?



I MAY NEED YOUR SERVICES--



MEANWHILE, TWO MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUALS SNEAK THROUGH THE CORRIDORS AND ENTER A CABIN.



HERE! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! PUT AWAY THAT GUN!

PARDON, HONORABLE SIR, PLEASE TO PUT UP HANDS!



WE COME FOR PAPERS THAT ARE MOST VALUABLE TO OUR COUNTRY! PLEASE TO HAND OVER PORTFOLIO, OR.....



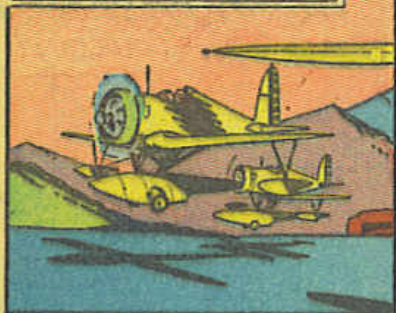
NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM! IT WOULD MEAN MORE WARFARE! D-DON'T SHOOT! NO!!



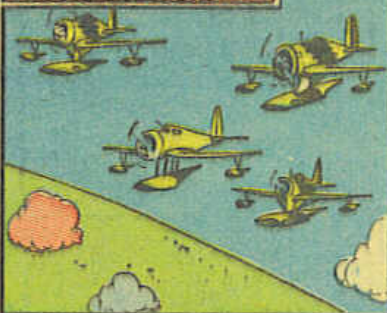




LEADING HIS "LIGHTNING BOLTS,"
LIEUTENANT RICK ROYCE ROARS
INTO THE SUNNY SKIES. . . .



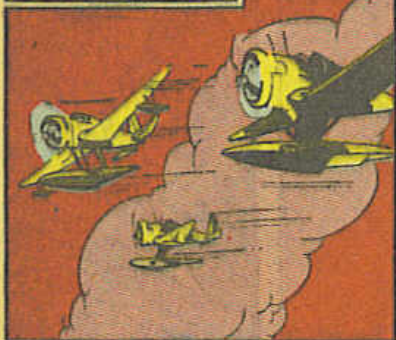
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THEY
SPOT THE PLANE AND SKILLFUL-
LY SURROUND IT. . . .



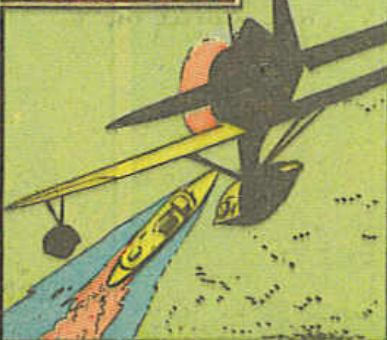
CALLING NC-6404...
LIEUTENANT ROYCE SPEAK-
ING... HEAD FOR SAN
DIEGO AT ONCE, OR
WE'LL OPEN FIRE!



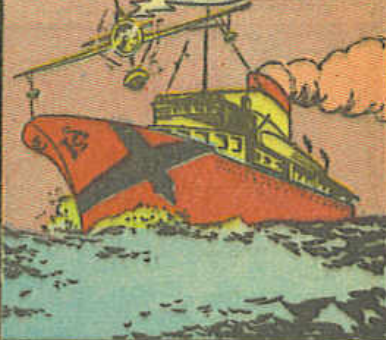
HER MOTOR WIDE OPEN, LEE
DIRECTS THE "LIGHTNING BOLTS"
TO THE SHIP. . . .



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THEY SEE
THE CRAFT FAR BELOW, AND
DIVE QUICKLY. . . .



TURN ABOUT OR WE'LL
BLAST YOU OUT OF THE
WATER!



I'VE WARNED YOU!



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
NOW, HEAD FOR THE STATES.
... YOU FELLAS SEE THEY
GET THERE... LEE, COME
WITH ME!



WITH THE VALUABLE PAPERS
SAFE, LEE RACES RICK
TO SAN DIEGO. . . .



TWO HOURS LATER . . .

NICE GOING, LEE! YOU
SAVED THE COUNTRY A BIG
HEADACHE... GOSH! I'VE
MISSED YOU... IT'S
BEEN SO LONG!



TO GET DOWN TO MORE
SERIOUS BUSINESS... FOR
THE HUNDREDTH
TIME -- WILL YOU
MARRY ME?



OH, RICK, FOR THE HUNDREDTH
TIME, NO! YOU KNOW HOW I
FEEL, BUT JUST NOW I CAN'T...
THE RED CROSS NEEDS ME!
I'M GOING TO EUROPE IN A
WEEK TO HELP
OUT/PERHAPS
WHEN I GET
BACK..



Alias the SPIDER

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS, CAVE-INS AND GAS LEAKS HAVE MADE THE WORKERS AT THE BENSON COAL MINE UNEASY...

by Paul Gustavson



I--I GET TH' CREEPS EVERY TIME I COME DOWN HERE ANY MORE!

ME TOO... I JUST KEEP THINKIN' I AIN'T GONNA COME OUT SOME DAY!

A MINER DRILLS INTO A GAS POCKET...A HEAVY MIST SEEPS THROUGH INTO THE WORKING CHAMBER....



THE FEARFUL CRY OF GAS RINGS THROUGH THE VEIN....



IN A MAD RUSH THE MEN NOW FIGHT FOR AN EXIT...SUDDENLY A DREFFENING BLAST BRINGS DOWN WALLS AND CHAMBER HEADS....



TRAPPED BETWEEN GAS AND FALLING TIMBER THE MEN CREATE AN AGONIZING BEDLAM....



THE NEWS REACHES OWNER BENSON'S OFFICE....

MR. BENSON! IT'S SHAFT 'A'... GAS AND A CAVE-IN!!

QUICK! GET THE EMERGENCY CREW OUT! HURRY!



AND RESCUE PARTIES WORK LATE INTO THE NIGHT AS THE ANXIOUS RELATIVES EAGERLY AWAIT SOME WORD OF THEIR LOVED ONES....



HAVING TROUBLE AGAIN, BENSON? YOU OUGHTA SELL THAT "TURKEY" MINE AND BE HAPPY!

SELL OUT, EH, MARLIN? SO YOU CAN WALK IN AND GRAB IT, EH? GET OFF MY PROPERTY... FAST!



A NEARBY MINE OWNER BAIT'S BENSON

OKAY, BENSON... I'LL GET OFF YOUR PROPERTY. SURE! BUT DON'T SAY AFTER THAT I DIDN'T OFFER T'BUY YOUR HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND! AND I'LL TAKE YOUR PROPERTY LATER, WITHOUT PAYIN' A CENT!



AS MARLIN LEAVES, A FLAMING OBJECT STREAKS PAST HIS HEAD!!



UGH!! T-THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER!



TERROR STRICKEN, MARLIN DASHES AWAY...



BUT CLOSE BEHIND MARLIN IS A FAMILIAR FIGURE... IT'S THE MUCH FEARED SPIDER!

IT LOOKS AS IF I WAS SHOOTING DOWN THE RIGHT ALLEY WHEN I STARTED AFTER MARLIN!



HIS ACTIONS ALONE AROUND BENSON'S MINE MAKE HIM APPEAR SUSPICIOUS... COULD HE BE THE ONE BEHIND ALL OF BENSON'S TROUBLE? HMM... IF SO, MAYBE I CAN LET HIM TRAP HIMSELF!



EXCITED, MARLIN REACHES HIS MINE OFFICE....

T-THAT SPIDER MUST KNOW SOMETHING... OR HE WOULDN'T BE AFTER ME! H-H-E NEVER MAKES MISTAKES... NOT HIM!

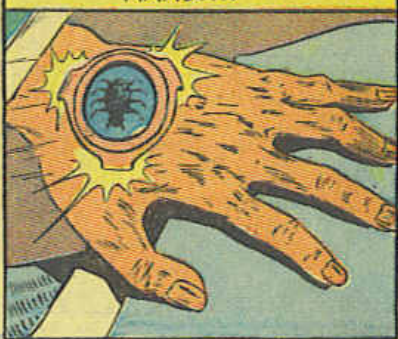


THE SPIDER WATCHES MARLIN

SO! HE'S GOING TO BURN THE PAPERS... I MUST ACT FAST!



THE FLAMING SEAL OF THE SPIDER STRIKES MARLIN'S HAND....



WHAT!! Y-YOU?

YES ME! I'LL TAKE THOSE PAPERS THAT YOU WERE GOING TO BURN... QUICK... GIVE THEM TO ME!



MMM... CHARTS OF HOW YOU DRILLED FROM YOUR MINE INTO BENSON'S... UNDERGROUND, JUST LIKE A RAT... YOU THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER BE TRACKED DOWN, EH? WELL... HERE'S YOUR FINISH!



BUT SLOWLY THE CROOKED MINE OWNER GOES FOR HIS GUN





STRIKING WITH MAD FURY AT EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH, THE SPIDER BEATS HIS WAY TOWARD THE END OF THE VEIN...



AS THE SPIDER'S SEAL CLEANLY CUTS THE DYNAMITE WIRE....



HO!! YOU BOYS GET VERY EXCITED WHEN A SCARE COMES YOUR WAY! THIS IS FUN... I HATE TO GIVE IT UP!



HAVING PINNED THE CROOKED MINERS TO THE TIMBERS WITH HIS SEALS, THE SPIDER NOW RETURNS TO MARLIN....



..BUT THE CROOK HAS JUST STARTED ALOFT IN THE CAGE.



MADE IT!!

CROSSING THE CONTROL WIRES, THE SPIDER CAUSES THE CAGE TO GO ABOVE THE SURFACE AND HIT THE SHAFT-HEAD...



I'VE KINDA GOT YOU "HIGH AND DRY," EH MARLIN?

WHY-YOU-SNEAKY--!



YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH TO JUMP ON ME, WALRUS!



AND A FINAL CRASHING BLOW STAGGERS MARLIN....



..HE REELS BACKWARD.. AND TUMBLES INTO THE SHAFT...



OWWWW! THAT WASN'T MY IDEA AT ALL!

LATER... MR. BENSON QUIETLY PONDER'S OVER MARLIN'S END.

VERY STRANGE... HMM... HIS BEING FOUND DEAD, WITH HIS MEN PINNED BY THOSE SEALS. AND MY TROUBLE SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED TOO... NOTHING SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THIS SPIDER.....



SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

FOR YEARS
THERE HAVE
BEEN RUMORS
THAT A GREAT
SHARP HEAD
PAPPY'S
CABIN IS THE
HOME OF A
PREHISTORIC
MONSTER!

HELLO ME SLAP HAPPY. I'M A
SCIENTIST FROM THE MUSEUM
OF UNNATURAL HISTORY. I
HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE
THAT THE SHARP HEAD
HERE IS INHABITED
BY A
PREHISTORIC
ANIMAL

IT LIKE TO GET A
LOOK AT THIS MONSTER
BUT I'LL NEED A GUIDE
...WILL YOU TAKE
THE JOB?

SHO AH
WILL AN
AH KIN
BE USIN'
THIS HAIR
TONIC WHILE
AHM GUIDIN' YOU

OOPS! AH
SPILLED
SOME!

GOOD GOSH! WHAT A TOUGH
HEAD YOU MUST HAVE! THAT
HAIR TONIC IS SO STRONG
THAT IT BURNED A HOLE IN
THIS ROCK!

LET'S
GET ON
WITH OUR
EXPLOIN'

GLAD
WHY THAT'S
THAT R

HAL! IF IT AN'T
JOE FITTS HE
GOT MIGHTY THEN
SINCE AH LAS
SAW HIM!

SHHH! WHAT
WAS THAT
NOISE!!

LATER
DEEP IN
THE SHAVE

WHY IF AH EVER
SAW A DINOSAUR
AND JEST SHOVE
MAH HAN IN HIS
MOUTH, GRAB HIS
TAIL AN' PULL HIM
INSIDE OUT! WHY
AHD...

AH DINT
HEAR A NOISE!
ANYWAYS THAT'S
NOTHIN' AROUND!
HEAH KIN HURT A BODY!

MADAM FATAL

by
ART
PINAYAN



IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL, RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL, IS TAKING A WELL-EARNED VACATION....

WAR-SABOTAGE--
SPIES...THAT'S ALL WE
HEAR NOWADAYS...SAY--
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN
THAT NARROW STREET....

EXTRA!
SABOTAGE
RING BROKEN!!
WAR RAGES ON!

READ ALL
ABOUT IT!!!



ONE HOUR LATER... AS THE BIG SHIP WINGS ITS WAY WESTWARD...



IN ANOTHER SEAT THE TWO SPIES SPEAK IN LOW TONES...



HOURS LATER...THE AIR LINER FLIES OVER THE NEVADA DESERT...



MEANWHILE, RUTH JOYCE, THE HOSTESS, IS BUSILY ENGAGED IN HER DUTIES... SUDDENLY-



AND IN THE PILOT'S QUARTERS...



THE ASTONISHED CO-PILOT LEAPS INTO ACTION...



AN HOUR LATER...THE GROUP COME IN SIGHT OF A DUDE RANCH...





NICE WORK, MIKE—WE'LL GET RID OF THEM...THE PLANS ARE MORE IMPORTANT!



A FOREIGN AGENT IS COMING HERE BY PLANE, TO BUY THEM FOR PLENTY OF DOUGH!!



"OLD"? WHY YOU—

C'MON, YOU—MOVE ALONG!



STEADY, JACK—LISTEN...HEAR THAT? IT'S A PLANE, AND THOSE PLANS MUSTN'T CHANGE HANDS!



WE'LL SOON BE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH, MIKE!

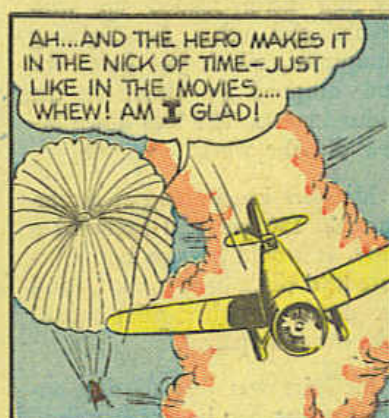
YEAH... SLUG—LOOK!! SMOKE!



FIRE!! OPEN THE DOOR—HELP!!







Smoke Jumper

BY LARRY SPAIN

Ranger McGuire gunned his powerful little Scinson, roared down the runway and soared into the air. Almost instantly he was skimming over a vast forest that stretched into infinity. He was on his daily patrol, a patrol that covered several hundred square miles of Washington's far-flung Chelan National Forest.

Ranger McGuire grinned complacently. This was the life! Not like flying for the Army. This woods hopping was a snap! You kept an eye cocked down. If you saw smoke, you reported back to headquarters by your two-way radio. Then you sped back to the landing field, loaded up with bombs and other fire-fighting equipment, which you flew back and dropped by chute to the ground crews. The lads down below did the work!

McGuire lared along at a comfortable 150 per and hummed a ditty. It would be two hours before he'd circle back to H. Q. and set down. Another pilot would take over the patrol.

McGuire was just starting another song when he saw it, a thin, blue ribbon writhing upward like incense from a dull green brazier, flattening out as it caught the upper air. Smoke!

He was over it in a moment, circling. It was, he saw, a fast-burning surface fire that might easily become something much worse. He clicked on his set, barked into the transmitter, giving H. Q. the approximate location of the blaze. Then he cut back to the field.

About the same time, a tower

lookout some fifteen miles away spotted the smoke. With trained precision, he swung his alidade over the table chart and sighted. He then phoned H. Q. The operator there had already triangulated the fire's location by several reports he had received. Also he knew that the fire was in a bad region—low humidity, dry undergrowth, an almost inaccessible area that would require hours to reach by trail. The barometer indicated rising winds . . . no rain

. . . The fire truck shot away from H. Q. with siren screaming. It was quickly followed by other trucks—a water tanker and a half dozen loaded with smoke-chasers and CCC boys. By the time they reached the conflagration it would probably be out of control and thousands of acres of timber would have gone up in smoke.

Three days later, with hundreds of men still fighting the blaze, another was reported not five hundred yards from the first; and then on the fifth day still another raging inferno broke out less than a mile from the other two. By now, a vast area was swept bare of all life.

Chief Ranger Morse shook his gray head as he studied the reports. It was beyond him. What had started those fires? Of course, it was hot, dry summer, but there hadn't been any dry lightning storms—the worst menace of the woods; nor had there been any campers in the entire region.

It was when the fourth fire started some distance from the others that the Forest Service got serious. High winds quickly whipped the combined fires into a roar-

ing furnace several miles in extent, and now a crown fire had developed which raced through the treetops with the speed of lightning.

After six days of severe fighting, the rangers sent out a general SOS for help. The fire was out of control. If it went another mile south, it would engulf the sanitarium and a hundred or more patients would perish.

McGuire, flying along the southern border of the huge blaze, squinted burning eyes and dropped bombs in an attempt to halt the spread of the flames. If only the wind would veer! But it didn't. Other flyers bombed various sections and ground crews dropped from exhaustion. If help didn't arrive soon . . .

It was at this time that Eric Vale, cruising a hundred miles to the west, got the Forest Service SOS on his radio. Trouble! Help wanted! Eric consulted his several assistants and the big plane changed its course. In a few minutes they were darting over the smoke-darkened forest.

The forestry flyers were suddenly amazed to see the big ship zooming through their midst. But the ground crews were even more astonished when they heard a sec-



human voice boom from the skies:

"Get back a hundred yards. Will drop bombs!"

The smoke-chasers darted through the thick underbrush to a place of safety. The ship banked sharply, raced low over the treetops, and began spilling small black bombs. The detonations were ear-splitting, but after three trips back and forth the fire began to smother, blink out. It was incredible!

Again the voice amplifier with which Eric's plane was equipped brought a loud command to those below:

"Okay. She'll go no farther."

Eric headed his plane toward the sanitarium. When he was almost over it, he turned the controls over to his co-pilot and bailed out. The chute exploded above him and he floated down.

One of the rangers who were detailed to assist in the evacuation of the inmates, watched the descent with open mouth. "Cripes!" he speculated. "That darn fool's gonna land in the trees!"

"Must be berry," another commented. "He'll be ripped to pieces."

But Eric Vale landed in the treetops. The chute collapsed over him. In a moment he had slipped out of the shroud lines and was sliding down the giant tree. When he reached the ground, he grinned at the smoke-smudged men looking at him as if he were some monster.

"Fire's under control," he told them. "Tell them they won't have to evacuate."

One of the rangers hurried into the building. These would be glad tidings indeed. Getting nearly a hundred cripples out of the region looked as next to impossible.

Eric accompanied the crews back to H. Q., and for the next two days his timely exploit was the talk of every man on the staff. How had he put the fire out with bombs? The Forest Service had used bombs for years, but none of them had ever worked like this. And how in the world had he landed in spiky treetops by chute?

Chief Ranger Moran fired these questions at the youthful hero. Eric answered them as best he could. His chemists had perfected the anti-fire bombs which he had already offered the government for forest fire-fighting. He was pretty sure they would work.



"Pretty sure!" gasped Moran. "Why, man, there was never anything like 'em! They doused that fire like a wet blanket!"

Moran shook his grizzled head. "What puzzled me, though," he went on, "is how you landed in treetops without getting slit to shreds. Never's been done before, youngster!"

Eric grinned. "Perhaps not. I've been working on the theory a long time; figured that it was the answer for catching spot fires at their inception. If planes could land men at a fire right when it started, they could put it out in a jiffy—and there'd be no danger of it spreading to disastrous proportions."

"Well, boy," said Moran, "the Service has been thinking that for a long time, but no one seemed

anxious to try squatin' on pine splinters. From now on I think the Forest Service is going to be a really practical force, thanks to you!"

Thus began a new phase of fire-fighting in the Forest Service. To-day "smoke jumpers", as they are quaintly called, bail out over any and all kinds of forest terrain, and fires have been greatly reduced.

There was still one thing that troubled Chief Ranger Moran: what had started all those fires, in precisely the same region? The forest had been searched, every logical cause discussed, and promptly discarded. They had simply started mysteriously, without apparent reason!

"Well," smiled Eric, "one of my men solved the mystery an hour ago. It seemed so fantastic at first that I went out and tested the thing to see how crazy it was."

"Yeah," nodded Moran. "Go on, man, I'm dying to know. The whole Department is!"

"You know where that line of airline towers crosses the forest?" Eric asked. "Well, they — or at least one of them — is the culprit. I climbed to the top of this beacon and tipped the lens so it caught the sun's rays. I focused it on a pile of leaves a hundred yards away, and in a few minutes smoke curled up."

"What!" cried Moran. "But how—"

"That certain beacon has part of its housing knocked off," Eric replied. "When it turns, it catches the sunlight directly through its lens — the rest of it is history!"

THE DOOR OF DEATH
ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF ERIC
VALE - IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS - ON SALE JULY 31

WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

THE CASE OF
THE FAINTING
FIGHTERS...

by
JOHN H. MONTGOMERY

WIZARD WELLS, A
FORMER ALL AMERICAN HALL-
-BACK, HAS BECOME ONE OF
OUR OUTSTANDING INVENTORS
AND RESEARCH SCIENTISTS...
WITH THE DOUBTFUL
ASSISTANCE OF "TUG" A
PUNCH-DRUNK EX-FIGHTER
WHO HAS ATTACHED HIMSELF
TO WELLS, THE YOUNG INVENTOR
WORKS IN HIS PENTHOUSE
LABORATORY...



THE MID-TOWN ARENA.....

WIZARD WELLS? THIS IS
JOHN RYAN~MIDTOWN FIGHT
CLUB. SOMETHIN' SCREWY'S
GOIN' ON HERE! CAN
YOU HELP ME OUT?



AND IN THE MIDTOWN OFFICE

THE HOODED HURRICANE,
195 POUNDS, VOISUS T.N.T.
TERRY, 197 POUNDS!!

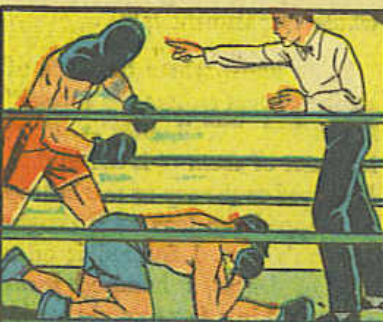


THE NEXT NIGHT....

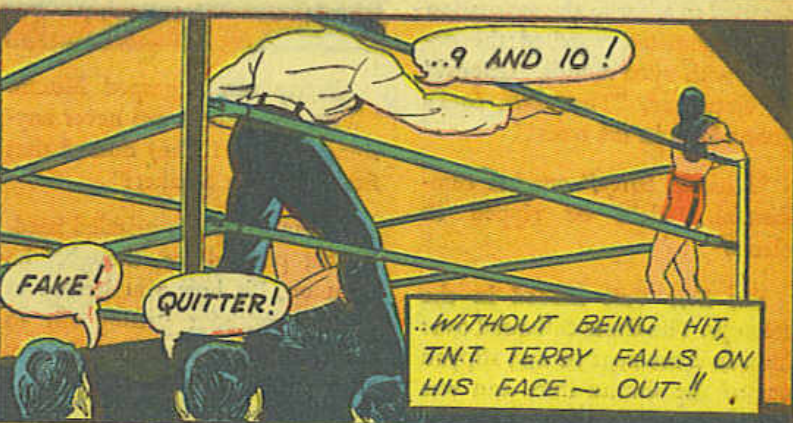
WATCH DIS BOUT, WELLS! AN'
SEE CAN YOU FIGURE OUT
WHAT MAKES THESE
PALOOKAS TAKE DIVES!



AND AT THE RINGSIDE...



FOR ONE ROUND, THE FIGHT
IS FURIOUS~BUT IN ROUND 2,



SEE WHAT I MEAN, WELLS?
THEY ALL TAKE DIVES
AGAINST THE HOODED
HURRICANE!



LET
ME EXAMINE
HIS OPPONENT.

THIS MAN DIDN'T QUIT!
HE'S SUFFERING FROM
HEAT PROSTRATION!



HUH?
WHAT'S THAT?

EVERYBODY LOOKS SO BAD
AGAINST THIS HOODED GUY-
IT LOOKS PHONEY! IT'S
WRECKIN' MY CLUB~
NO CROWDS
NO MORE!



I SEE!

BACK IN RYAN'S OFFICE



MYSELF! I WAS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AT THE UNIVERSITY! BUT TELL NO ONE EXCEPT YOUR PARTNER JAMBON.

THE HURRICANE WILL **MOIDER** YOU!!

I FANCY NOT! I'M TRUSTING **SCIENCE** RATHER THAN **FISTS**. NOW-WHERE DOES THE HURRICANE RESIDE?

ROOM 1010, SOLAR HOTEL!

MY PHONE CALL GOT HIM OUT OF THE HOTEL-AH! THIS SKELETON KEY DOES IT!

1010
THAT NIGHT-THE SOLAR HOTEL

AND HERE'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR-THE HURRICANE'S MYSTERIOUS HOOD!

TUG-HAVE THIS HOOD DUPLICATED, AND TELL JOHN RYAN TO ANNOUNCE TO THE PAPERS THAT **MYSTERY X** WILL FIGHT THE HOODED HURRICANE FRIDAY NIGHT

OK. BOSS

NEXT DAY...

EVENING MAIL
TWO MASKED BATTLE TO TANGLE AT MIDTOWN
NEW MYSTERY MAN OF RING, MYSTERY X ONLY PROMOTERS KNOW IDENTITY.

THAT EVENING'S PAPERS...

SAY WIZ, WHY YOU SO HOPPED UP ON THIS HURRICANE-MYSTERY X BOUT?

BECAUSE I AM MYSTERY X!

BOSS! WIZ! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THE GUY'LL KILL YOU!

QUIT FRETTING, TUG! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

THIS BOGUS HOOD IS AN EXACT REPLICA OF THE HURRICANE'S REAL ONE!

BACK AT THE SOLAR HOTEL

SO! WELLS IS WISE, EH!

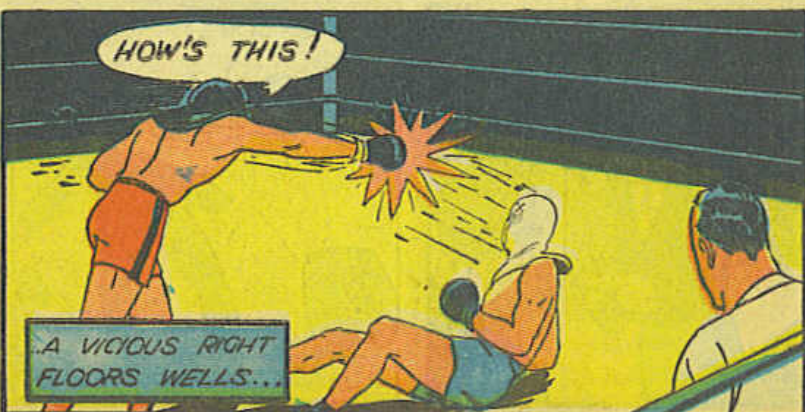
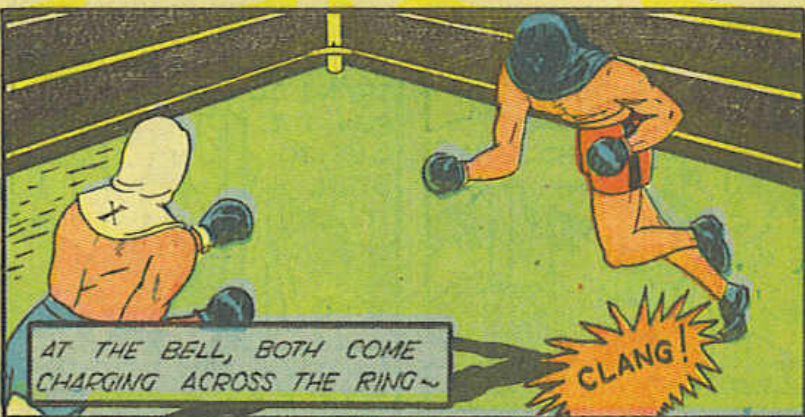
A PHONEY, EH? NOW WHAT DO WE DO? I GOTTA TELL HURRICANE! NOW DE TRICK'S NO GOOD!

I ~~WAS~~ WORRIED UNTIL I HEAR THIS MYSTERY X IS **DE 'PERFESSER GUY!** I CAN LICK HIM WITHOUT NO HELP!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO WIZARD WELLS...

AFTER WELLS HAD LEFT...

HURRICANE LAUGHS AT THE WARNING...



THE HEAT SHOULD HAVE PROSTRATED HIM BEFORE THIS! THAT HOOD CAN'T STOP IT!

3RD. ROUND

SOMEHOW MY PLAN HAS FAILED! I AM IN A FIGHT!

5TH. ROUND

BOSS, LEMME CHUCK IN A TOWEL!

YOU DO AND I'LL SLAUGHTER YOU!

AT THE END OF THE 7TH.



10TH. ROUND..



THE WINNAH, MYSTERY X!!

WOW!

BOY! WHAT A SCRAP!!

HURRICANE'S ON HIS WAY TO JAIL. THE MAN BEHIND IT SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

WHO IS HE?

LATER..... RYAN'S OFFICE

JOE JAMBON, YOUR CROOKED PARTNER, WHO WAS TRYING TO RUIN THE CLUB, TO STEAL IT!

YEAH? WHO SAYS SO?

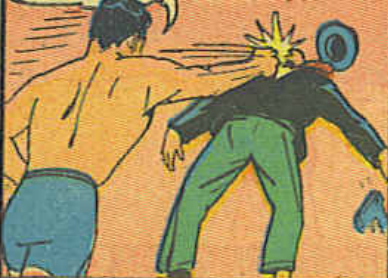
JAMBON ENTERS THE OFFICE

I DO! ONLY YOU AND RYAN KNEW I WAS THE MYSTERY X. RYAN WOULDN'T TALK, YET HURRICANE KNEW WHO I WAS!

GRAB HIM!

NO YOU DON'T, COPPER! STAND BACK!

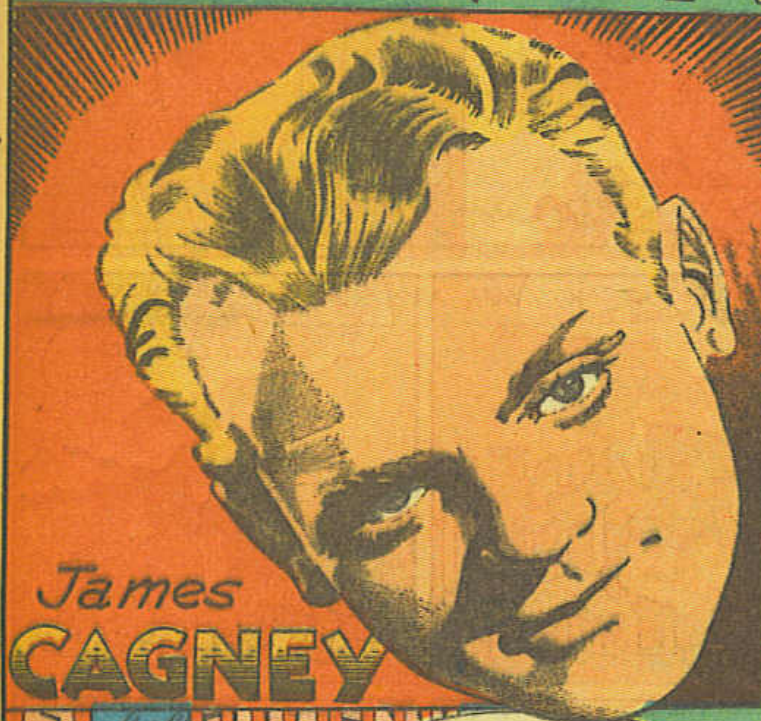
NO YOU DON'T, JAMBON!



WELLS DARTS FORWARD, SWINGS

GIVE THIS STORY TO THE PAPERS, AND YOUR CLUB'S TROUBLES ARE OVER, RYAN! YOU'LL FIND THE INFRA-RED PROJECTOR THAT KNOCKED OUT THE FIGHTERS, IN THE ATTIC OVER THE RING. HURRICANE'S HOOD KEPT THE HEAT OFF HIM!

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS



James
CAGNEY

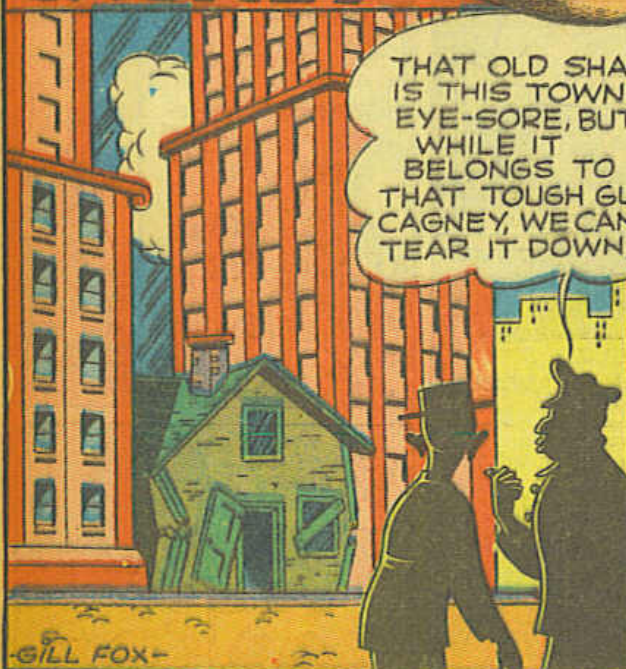
WITH HIS TWO-FISTED SWASHBUCKLING MANNER, CAGNEY HAS CREATED A LOYAL SCREEN FOLLOWING WHO EAGERLY AWAIT HIS PICTURES...

OH, GET UP, MR. CAGNEY, THIS IS ONE PICTURE YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE IN!



THAT OLD SHACK IS THIS TOWN'S EYE-SORE, BUT WHILE IT BELONGS TO THAT TOUGH GUY CAGNEY, WE CAN'T TEAR IT DOWN!

JIMMY HAS "DIED" IN FOUR OUT OF THE LAST FIVE PICTURES HE HAS BEEN STARRED IN!



GILL FOX-

CAGNEY IS THE PROUD OWNER OF A 250-YEAR-OLD FARMHOUSE IN MASSACHUSETTS WHERE HE SPENDS CONSIDERABLE TIME...

SURE, I CAN MAKE PANAMA HATS, MISTER, LET ME HAVE SOME OF THAT GRASS!



JIMMY'S PRE-MOVIE CAREER INCLUDED EVERYTHING FROM BUNDLE WRAPPING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE TO A BROADWAY ACTOR!

SNAPPY





THE CLOCK

by

GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

BRIAN O'BRIEN,
WHO PLAYS THE ROLE
OF THE CLOCK, AND HIS
HARD-FIGHTING ASSISTANT,
PUG BRADY, PLEDGE
THEIR LIVES TO FIGHT
AS ONE AGAINST
ALL THAT IS UN-
JUST AND EVIL -

ONCE AGAIN TERROR
STRIKES INTO THE HEARTS
OF HUMANS. TERROR BROUGHT
FORTH BY THE GREED OF
A WANTON KILLER - "THE
ASP" --- AND WHEN THE
POLICE FAIL, THE **CLOCK**
STEPS IN TO MATCH WITS
WITH THIS GENIUS OF
DEATH.



A STEEPLE CLOCK
IS AT THE THREE
QUARTER HOUR - IN
FIFTEEN SHORT
MINUTES, THE SAME
CLOCK WILL STRIKE
OUT MIDNIGHT - AND
AS THE SOUND DIES,
SO WILL A MAN!!
MURDER WILL HAVE
BEEN DONE ----

-IN THE HOME OF PETER PAYNE,
WEALTHY JEWEL COLLECTOR-

ALL RIGHT, MR. PAYNE, THE ROOM
IS READY - WHEN THAT DOOR
CLOSES BEHIND YOU, NOTHING
CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

ARE YOU SURE
I'LL BE SAFE,
OFFICER?

THE WALLS, FLOOR AND CEILING
OF THAT ROOM HAVE BEEN
COVERED INSIDE AND OUT
WITH ONE INCH
STEEL PLATE!
NOTHING CAN
PENETRATE
THEM - LET'S
GO, IT'S
NEARLY
MIDNIGHT!

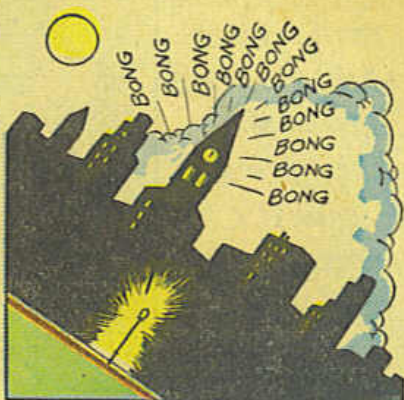


GO ON IN, MR. PAYNE, AND RELAX - THERE'S MEN STATIONED INSIDE AND OUT, WITH ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL - ALL RIGHT, BOYS, STAND GUARD!



THIS IS ONE JOB THE ASP WON'T PULL, JOE!

NO-HEY, IT'S MIDNIGHT!



UH!-UGH!!--
GHAAA--

JOE!-
OPEN IT,
QUICK!!



PAYNE!-
HE'S DEAD!



I TELL
YOU, CAP-
I SAW
NO ONE!

THE OTHER
MEN SWEAR THE
SAME-- AND
YET HE WAS
KILLED!



THE NEWS IS FLASHED BY RADIO
TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY--

PETER PAYNE DIED AT MID-
NIGHT, A VICTIM OF THE ASP...
HIS DEATH IS A MYSTERY--



AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE
HOME OF BRIAN O'BRIEN--

HOWEVER, THE FAMOUS BLACK
PEARL THE ASP WAS
AFTER, IS STILL
SAFE!



THAT **IS** A MYSTERY, BOSS--
ACCORDING TO THE RADIO, NO
ONE COULD GET WITHIN A
MILE OF PAYNE AND YET
HE WAS MURDERED!

YES, PUG,
AND WE'RE
GOING OUT
THERE
NOW!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN PAYNE'S
HOME, A SHADOWY FIGURE STEALS
ACROSS THE LIBRARY FLOOR TO
THE WALL SAFE - THE ASP---



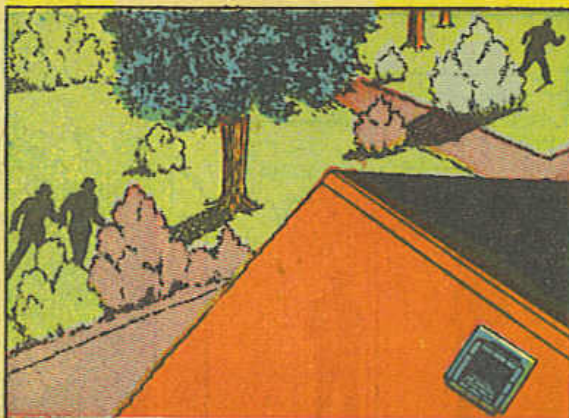
WHILE THE POLICE
TRY TO FIGURE **HOW** PAYNE
DIED, I'LL GET THE
PEARL-- THE FOOLS!



AH!!-A
BEAUTY--
HSSSS!



AS THE ASP
LEAVES BY THE
REAR, THE
CLOCK AND PUG
QUIETLY
APPROACH FROM
THE SIDE -



PUG, IT'S IMPORTANT
THAT I GET A
SPECIMEN OF
PAYNE'S BLOOD!

BUT WHY?



I THINK THAT'S HOW HE
DIED-- WHILE YOU'RE DOING
THAT, I'LL TRY TO GET THE
PEARL-- WE'LL MEET BACK
AT THE
APARTMENT,
GOOD LUCK!



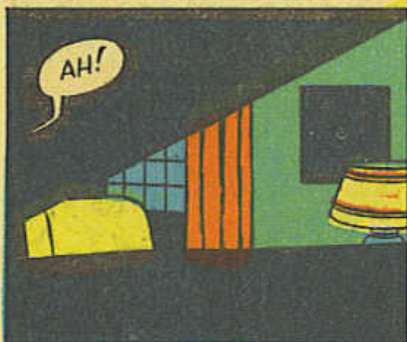
PUG QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY
TO WHERE PAYNE IS LAID OUT--



NOW I KNOW HOW
DRACULA
FELT!



AT THE SAME TIME, THE CLOCK'S
PENCIL FLASH PICKS OUT THE
WALL SAFE---



AH!

EMPTY! HELLO--
WHAT'S THIS?



HMM--WON'T THE POLICE BE
SURPRISED WHEN THEY
FIND THAT-- OH-OH--
THEY'RE COMING
AND THAT MEANS
I'M GOING!



THE NEXT
EVENING--

ILY MAIL

PAYNE PEARL FALSELY REPORTED SAFE!

POLICE CLAIM GEM WAS IN SAFE AFTER
COLLECTOR DIED. RETURNING, THEY FOUND
IT GONE, AND IN ITS PLACE THE CARD OF THE
ASP WAS FOUND.

POLICE BAFFLED. PAYNE'S
DEATH STILL A MYSTERY.

PETER PAYNE.

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE
CLOCK'S LABORATORY—

PUG!!—I'VE
GOT IT!

GOT
WHAT,
BOSS?

HOW PAYNE
WAS KILLED!

IF WE COULD
EXAMINE PAYNE'S
BODY, WE'D FIND
WHAT WOULD
RESEMBLE A
PIN PRICK—

SOMETIME IN THE SPACE
OF 24 HOURS BEFORE HE
DIED, PAYNE WAS INJECTED
WITH THIS
POISON!

HOW COULD
THAT BE DONE?

PROBABLY THE
ASP CREEPT UP
ON HIM WHEN
HE WAS ASLEEP,
INJECTED THE
POISON AND
LEFT!

WOULDN'T
HE DIE
IMMEDIATELY?

NO, THE COMPOUNDS OF THIS
PARTICULAR POISON CAN BE
COMBINED IN DIFFERENT
RATIOS, SO THAT THE DEATH
OF A PERSON CAN
BE SET FOR ANY-
TIME AFTER
THE INJECTION—
SIMPLE, EH?

OH, YEAH, VERY--
BUT IT STILL DOESN'T
BRING US ANY NEARER
THE ASP!

TRUE, BUT WE
CAN BAIT A
TRAP FOR
HIM!

HOW?

BY USING THE
UNDERWORLD
"GRAPE VINE"!

WE'LL SPREAD THE
STORY THAT THE PEARL
THE ASP GOT WAS
AN IMITATION!

THAT PAYNE, JUST BEFORE
HIS DEATH, SOLD THE REAL
PEARL TO QUINCY
JONAS, A MID-
WESTERN
COLLECTOR, WHO
IS NOW STAYING
AT THE MELTON
HOTEL!

I GET IT! THAT WAY
THE ASP WILL GET THE
NEWS THAT HE WAS FOOLED,
AND GO
AFTER
JONAS
WHO--

-- WILL BE NONE OTHER
THAN THE CLOCK--GET
GOING, YOU KNOW THE BEST
PLACES TO START
THE RUMORS
FROM!

AND THE NEWS THAT THE ASP WAS DUPED, TRAVELS LIKE WILD-FIRE!

DAT'S WOT I HOID-DA POIL'S WOIT'LESS!

IMAGINE THE ASP FALLIN' FOR A FAKE!

SURE, PAYNE SOLD IT TO A GUY NAMED JONAS AT TH' MELTON!

YEAH, HE GRABBED A PHONEY-HA-HA-HA!

WHAT?!

ME!-THE ASP!!-FOOLED-I'LL SHOW 'EM--I'LL GO SEE THIS JONAS RIGHT NOW-

AN' WHEN I GET THE REAL ONE, I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THIS HUNKA PASTE-FOOL THE ASP, EH--HSSSS.

AND THE ASP SPEEDS TOWARD THE MELTON HOTEL-

AT THE SAME TIME, THE CLOCK AND PUG PREPARE TO MEET THE ASP-

PUG, I WANT YOU TO WAIT DOWNSTAIRS!

YOU MEAN I AIN'T IN ON THE FUN?

IT'S NOT THAT, BUT IF HE HAS ANYONE WITH HIM, I WANT THEM FOLLOWED, WE'VE GOT TO WIPE THIS GUY OUT COMPLETELY!

WHEN HE ARRIVES, I'LL SIGNAL YOU FROM THE WINDOW BY WAVING MY ARM!

--AND FROM THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD HOUSE, PUG WAITS--

--BUT DOESN'T SEE THE LONE FIGURE OF THE ASP SLIP INTO THE TRADES ENTRANCE--



HELLO, JONAS!!
I'VE COME FOR THE
REAL PEARL!

EH??



OH-OH, HE TOOK ME
BY SURPRISE--MY
CHANCES FOR SIGNALLING
PUG ARE
OUT!



STOP STALLING,
WHERE IS IT?

HERE--

AND THE CLOCK DIVES UNDER
THE SPITTING GUN---



BANG!
BANG!



A WILD RIGHT CATCHES THE
CLOCK ON THE CHIN----



WAM

HIS HEAD STRIKES THE
DOOR JAM--KNOCKING HIM
OUT COLD--



CRACK

NOW I GOTTA TAKE
TIME OUT TO LOOK
FOR THE REAL
PEARL!



15 MINUTES LATER--

I LOOKED ALL OVER
THE PLACE AND CAN'T
FIND IT--- BUT THAT
GUY WON'T LIVE TO
SEE IT AGAIN
EITHER!



AND THE ASP FIRES DIRECTLY
INTO THE CLOCK'S BODY--



NOW TO GET
OUTA HERE!

THE ESCAPING ASP
IS SEEN BY PUG--



SAY! THAT GUY
LOOKS SUSPICIOUS--
I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

GRABBING A CAN OF WHITE
PAINT, PUG JUMPS ON THE BACK
OF THE STARTING CAR---



THIS PAINT SHOULD
LEAVE A TRAIL ANYONE
COULD FOLLOW!

AT THE SAME TIME, BACK IN THE HOTEL---

HE'S NOT AROUND, SO HE MUST HAVE - WHAT'S THIS?? PAINT - FRESH PAINT--THAT LOOKS LIKE PUG'S WORK, I'LL FOLLOW IT!

MEANWHILE, PUG TRAILS THE ASP INTO HIS LAIR---

OOF!-- IT'S A GOOD THING I HAD ON THIS BULLET-PROOF VEST--I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE IF PUG IS STILL THERE!

NOW TO SURPRISE HIM!

SURPRISE WHO??

THE ASP.

YES, DROP THAT GUN!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE --- TO JONAS?

KILLED HIM! LIKE I'M GONNA DO TO YOU!

SUDDENLY THE CLOCK APPEARS, CALLING OUT TO DRAW THE ASP'S ATTENTION FROM THE UNARMED PUG--

STRIKE TWELVE, ASP!

THE CLOCK!

TWO GUNS ROAR, THE CLOCK'S A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THAT OF THE ASP ---

BANG!

AHHHH!

BANG

THAT'S THE END OF HIS REIGN OF TERROR, PUG!

YES, AND IT WAS NEARLY MY END TOO-- LOOK! ON THE FLOOR--

THE PEARL!

GOOD! NOW I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID, CAPTAIN - YOU'LL FIND THE ASP AND THE PEARL AT THAT ADDRESS-- OH, YES-- THIS IS THE CLOCK BIDDING YOU GOOD NIGHT!

Read THE BLACK CONDOR

The Man
Who Can
Fly!

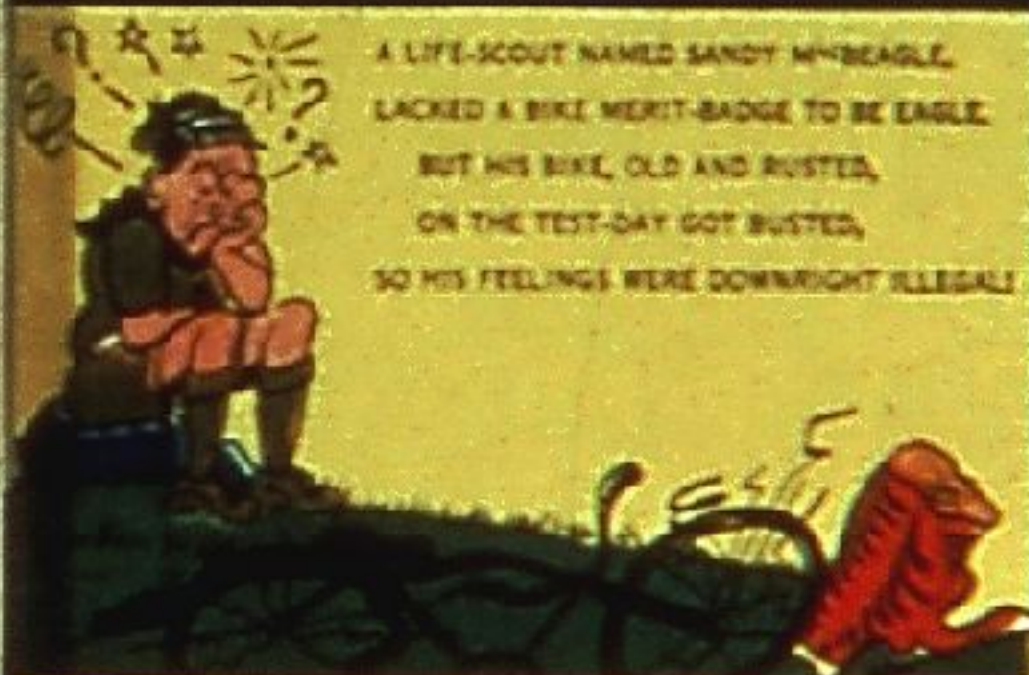


Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

Each
Month
in **CRACK**
COMICS

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

A WYBEAGLE CAN SMELL A BARGAIN!



A LIFE-SCOUT NAMED SANDY WYBEAGLE,
LACKED A BIKE MERIT-BADGE TO BE EAGLE.
BUT HIS BIKE, OLD AND RUSTED,
ON THE TEST-DAY GOT BUSTED,
SO HIS FEELINGS WERE DOWNRIGHT ILLEGAL!



NOW, HIS DAD, A BIG SCOTSMAN, AND THRIFTY,
AT THE STORE SAW A BIKE REALLY NIFTY—
SAID: "O' COURSE, LAD, 'TIS NICE,
"BUT, HOOT NOW, SEE THE PRICE!
"WHY, I CANNA PAY THAT FOR A GIFTIE!"



BUT THE CLERK KNEW WITH WHOM HE WAS DEALING,
SO, HIS WINK AT YOUNG SANDY CONCEALING,
HE REMARKED TO WYBEAGLE,
WITH MANNER QUITE REGAL,
"THE PRICE, SIR, INCLUDES THE FREE-WHEELING!"

NOW THAT MEANT A COASTER-BRAKE, MERELY—
A MORROW, WHICH RIDERS PRIZE DEARLY—
BUT "FREE" WAS ENOUGH
TO SELL THE SCOT TOUGH,
SO ALL THREE WERE CONTENTED, SINCERELY!



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